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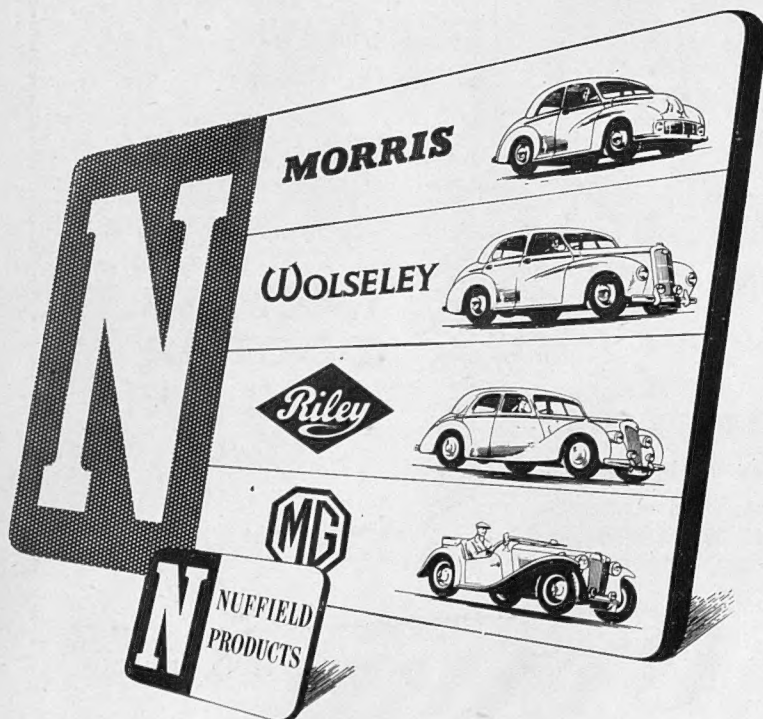
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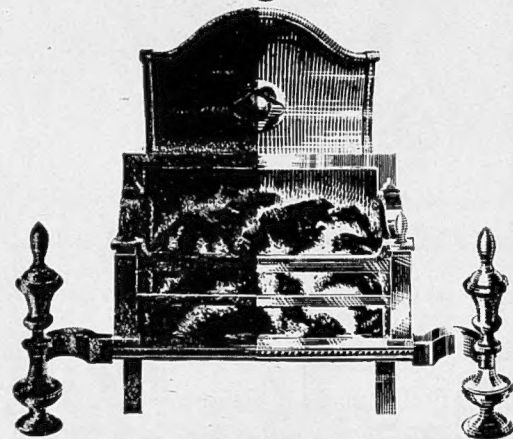
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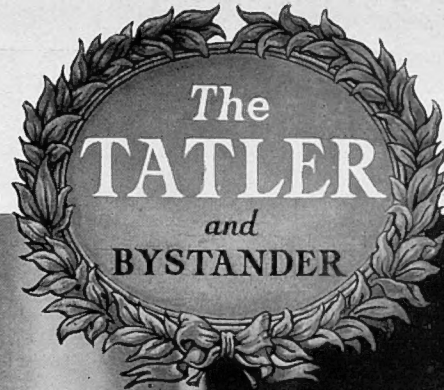
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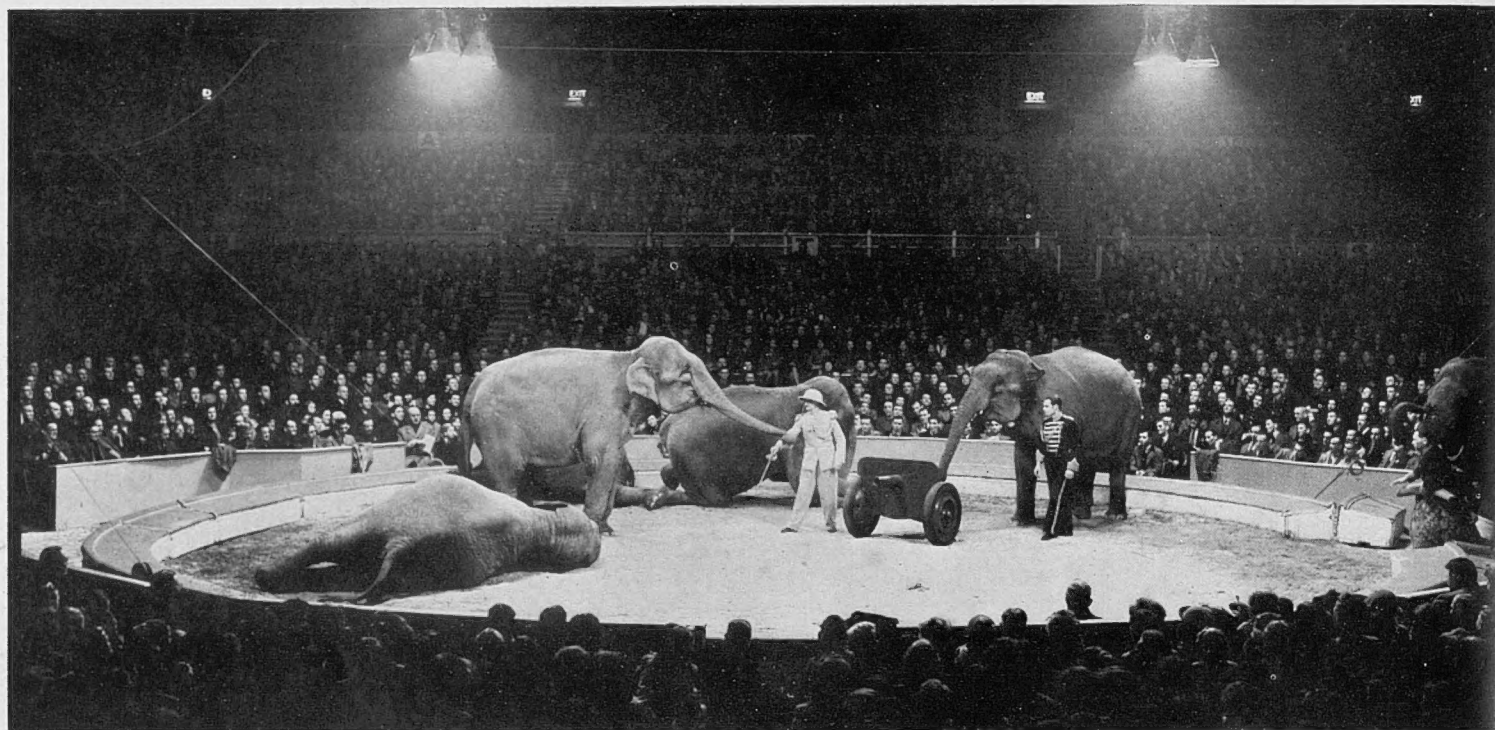
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John Deakin

CYRIL CUSACK, one of Ireland's foremost actors, spent fifteen years at Dublin's Abbey Theatre before starting his film career in *Odd Man Out*. His next screen appearance will be in the New Year, when he will be seen as back-room fuse expert Corporal Taylor in the film adaptation of Nigel Balchin's novel, *The Small Back Room*. Meanwhile he is seen above in his biggest film part to date, as Chauvelin in The Archers' new version of *The Elusive Pimpernel*. Cusack is married to Irish actress Maureen Kiely, and they and their children, seventeen-months-old Paul Brefni and baby Jane Mary, live in Co. Dublin. As a spare time hobby he writes short stories and verse



The Circus Rehearses. Thousands of London schoolchildren provided a lively and critical audience for the final rehearsal of the Bertram Mills Circus at Olympia, which they attended free. Here they are watching with breathless attention the antics of four martial elephants under the batteries of brilliant lights illuminating the Ring

Some Portraits in Print

PRIMULA, snowdrops, juniper and jasmine; hellebore, and berberis, larch cones and catkin; yew berries, daphne, blue squills and hawthorn.

I take the names of these January flowers from a calendar—finely illustrated by Mr. Leigh-Pemberton—which has been sent me by a firm of brewers, and received with the melancholy thought that it is unlikely that any State brewery would ever so remember me.

Yet I feel that this Whitbread calendar makes a common mistake. The January picture, for instance; this is of a wintry scene, a frozen pond with its skaters, a snowman and (of course) a barrel of beer alongside him for the skaters' refreshment; in the background (of course) a pub. Just the picture to gaze on at the time of the year when Christmas looks at its most romantic—on a hot August day.

The picture for January should be the one now given to the month of July; of a village cricket pitch, a dog panting in the heat beside a somnolent old man, and beside him (of course) a barrel of beer . . . crimson flax and pimpernel, marigold and plum, fennel-leaved peonies, fuchsia and rock rose; honeysuckle, hornbeams, tom thumbs and meadow sweet.

What a lot of lovely names to place before a king!

THE last time that I heard *Fidelio* at Covent Garden was in 1934 on the memorable occasion when music's angriest little man saw fit to turn to the applauding audience and shout: "Shut up, you—!"

What would have happened had he been conducting the recent revival at the Garden I tremble to think, for the opera was regularly interrupted by bursts of applause.

I thought it the best performance of Beethoven's only opera that I have ever heard, beautifully sung and staged with a smoothness

and maturity absent from, say, the recent production of *Aida*. What nobility there is in the music—yet with sudden patches of operatic convention that one does not associate with Beethoven—and a story of bloodthirsty gloom, directly the first few minutes of *opera bouffe* are done with.

There was much comment on the excellence of the prisoners' chorus, and the way in which the singers had been produced. Well, it should not have been too difficult a task; all male operatic choruses have a tendency to appear as if by kind permission of the Prisoners' Aid Society. Here they certainly had a chance to make use of their traditional quality. A woebegone, hapless, awkward group of male misfits dragging their way across the stage.

THERE was much to cause reflection on this *Fidelio* night. The scenery was by Rex Whistler, the product of whose genius seems to be turning up every other week or so. It will soon be four years since he was killed while serving in the Guards in France. Even the other day Princess Margaret went to see the murals in the restaurant of the Tate Gallery with which he made his name in the twenties. They are not yet on public view but will probably be so early in 1949.

Another reflection was that *Fidelio*, in the Edward Dent version, is admirably suited for performance in English, which a great number of operas most decidedly are not.

My favourite piece of nonsense is in *Madame Butterfly*:

"Dearly beloved Consul

Allay your fears! We know

Men of your age look on life with mournful eyes

No harm I reckon these wings to raise

And guide them to the tender flights of love! Whisky?"

A fairer translation would have been "my-

dear-old-boy-don't-worry-so-much-what-about-a-spo—t-t-t."

ON one side of me at this performance at Covent Garden sat a man in a raincoat with a bag which he kept in his lap. I would not have been much surprised if he had suddenly produced one of those great rattle-popular at cup ties. Oh, well, as long as he enjoyed himself.

Just in front sat three most elegant young persons in soft dress shirts, black ties and velvet smoking jackets. At one angle they appeared to be dressed quite conventionally, in another light they seemed to have strayed out of the cast of *La Bohème*.

I was reminded of the occasion in Le Touquet some years ago when Mr. Henry Horne arrived at the Casino dressed in a style he was then affecting; a dinner jacket, soft dress shirt and collar but a day-time black tie. On being refused admittance he demanded to see the director. Then the argument began.

The director argued, with a wealth of what the French call logic, that the essential factor in an evening tie was that it should be worn horizontally; Henry Horne argued that this was not so; also if, for instance, he lay down his tie would no longer be perpendicular; and so on and on through the course of a bottle of champagne—at the Casino's expense.

It ended with the presentation by the Casino of a nice conventional bow tie, wearing which Horne went in and proceeded to take some 10,000 francs out of the Casino. And, of course, the tie.

IT is all of fifteen years since I last started that journey from Fenchurch Street Station that leads to the road to Mandalay, and China 'cross the bay, but in my case only as far as Tilbury.

That first twenty miles is as eloquent an

inducement to emigrate as quickly as possible, and never come back again, as anyone could imagine. Twenty miles of chimney-pots and washing on the lines, twenty miles of Thames marshland and factories, twenty miles in which to wonder at the horribly immense size to which London has grown.

At Tilbury was a brand-new liner, off, in a few hours time, to Australia. This was the R.M.S. *Orcades*, which replaces another Orient liner of the same name sunk during the war; a ship of most ungainly lines to look at but, as one does not travel looking at the outside of the ship, none the worse for that.

This new *Orcades* has both bridge and smokestack sited together as in an aircraft carrier, leaving the whole length of the ship's top deck to the passengers.

THINGS have changed since I first sailed from Tilbury in an east-bound liner. We will mention no names, but on this line the passengers were kept strictly in their place, and the top deck was reserved for the officers, a body of men notable in the merchant service for their highly superior social qualities. But they were quite polite to the passengers in their way.

The coming of the cruising era did away with all that nonsense. The *Orcades* boasts that both passengers and the crew have air-conditioned cabins, while the ratings have not only a recreation room but a smoking room and bar as well. Shades of the poor foot-weary stewards-of yesterday! Men who, standing, snatched their meals from the "left-overs."

This new 28,000-ton liner has the feel of a ship and is free from the kind of decoration which tries to persuade a seasick passenger that he is really sipping his tonic water in an Elizabethan banquet hall, a rose-covered pergola or a Louis XV boudoir.

A ship is a ship, and it is best to be honest about it. Not all the bulk and luxury of a *Queen Elizabeth* can stop it rolling about like a drunken sailor if nature so wills it.

COMING back from my Tilbury visit I passed along the Embankment, whose fleet of four ships is all that nine Londoners out of ten see of their great seaport.

Thesloop Wellington had just come to join the *Discovery* and *H.M.S. President* alongside. She is the new Hall of the Master Mariners of the City.

There is berth-room for another ship here; why not a sloop which would take passengers in the summer down through the King George V dock and back by way of Greenwich?

THE fire was burning low and all around was darkness as the man began to talk.

"I can remember the days," he said, "When a maiden's kiss was something to be treasured, not hastily wiped away; when women did not walk about sucking cigarettes but, if they smoked at all, did so with pretty feminine elegance; I can remember the days when women did not stand about in ugly masculine postures, nor did they walk about as if they were on the way to play rugger; when women did not lower men's incomes by competing with them in tasks which God intended for men alone; I can remember the days before women began to expose their imperfections in trousers and before they started to spell their eventual doom by trying to play politics; when women were mostly content to leave their hair the colour that nature intended and not appear in public with streaks of varying hue; I can even remember the days when women could blush at a compliment and not return it with a wisecrack; I can remember. . . ."

But no one was listening. Perhaps the man was talking to himself.

—Gordon Beckles

IF YOU WERE A GOLDFISH

If you were a goldfish, and awoke one day
To find the sky low down, almost scraping
your head,
Tangible, freezing cold, translucent-grey,
Impenetrably dense, what would you say?
Would you, like humans, say "It's thick
outside!
Hopeless—simply can't move an inch, I've
tried.
Everything's so depressingly muffled and
dead.
I know the look of it, it's going to stay
And all of us cooped up here until it clears."
Or would you, being a goldfish, cry "My
dears!

The ceiling's come! They must have been
last night.

Beautifully done—completely weather-tight,
No cracks at all. And just a nice off-white!
Think of it, really warm—I loathe a draught
This time of year. Now swim along and
play

All by yourselves; you don't need me
around—

Even the tiddlers are quite safe to-day."
That's what you would have said, and you'd
have laughed—

I mean I like to fancy that you might—
If you were a goldfish and awoke and
found

The pond had frozen over in the night.

Justin Richardson



THE MARQUESS OF HEADFORT with his mother, Rose Marchioness of Headfort at the brilliant first night of *September Tide* at the Aldwych. The Marquess, who succeeded his father in 1943, has a seat at Kells, Co. Meath. During the early part of the war he was A.D.C. to the Governor of South Australia, and was later on the Military Secretary's staff at the War Office

Freda Bruce Lockhart

[Decorations
by Hoffnung]

At The Pictures

Thank Your Stars

HOLLYWOOD has been adequately mocked for the establishment of a star system which can provide old age pensions for retiring opera stars like Lauritz Melchior (in vigorous voice again in *Luxury Liner*, lately at the Empire); or social security for a transplanted Indian boy like Sabu, now a full-grown star for whom out-of-the-way vehicles have to be found which occasionally turn out as refreshing as *Man-Eater of Kumaon* (Astoria).

Three new Hollywood films prompt the suggestion that perhaps the much-derided star system, abuses and extremes notwithstanding, may be Hollywood's most stable contribution to the cinema.

Stars have at least survived the steady decline in the quality of Hollywood pictures. And among the stars the fittest have survived the whole twenty-year span since talkies. They survive because while Hollywood as a whole forgets nothing and learns nothing, the stars not only keep up certain standards but are learning all the time.

THERE will always be argument as to how much of the credit is due to the director, how much to the star. But *Johnny Belinda*, *You Gotta Stay Happy*, and *Polly Fulton* are typically competent examples, each in its different class, of the kind of machine-made entertainment that would be unendurable were it not for the quality of the playing.

At once I can be challenged on the grounds that *Johnny Belinda* (Warner) has a non-star cast. But Lew Ayres and Charles Bickford were stars twenty years ago; to-day, their acting matured and mellowed, they are pillars of any picture. Jane Wyman has been hovering on the brink of stardom for more than a year and will hover no longer after her performance as the deaf-mute Belinda. Or if this be counted quibbling, I maintain that such a cast of first-rate supporting players is a by-product of the star system.

Johnny Belinda is not half as bad as the poster suggests, though the scene of the poster is there right enough and the whole is as lurid and full-blooded a melodrama as any *East Lynne* or *Maria Marten*.

The barn where the poor deaf-mute is raped is not Technicolor-Red, but on this bleak and stony ground in Nova Scotia (*schottische* phrases in the background music) things happen rather like bricks dropping: Belinda's father (Charles Bickford) and aunt (Agnes Moorehead) are seen driving off by the local tough—of course we know that she is left alone; when she has the resultant baby, of course local gossip picks on the

kindly doctor (Lew Ayres, trained by years of experience as Dr. Kildare), who has been teaching her to lip-read and talk by signs, as the father; of course the village busybodies plot to remove the baby from its unfit mother (just as in Griffith's *Intolerance*); of course . . . but perhaps such suspense as is contrived before a final court-scene should not be sabotaged.

Sometimes the lip-reading lessons slow things up perilously. But not fatally. In spite of the clichés, *Johnny Belinda* lives; the melodrama may creak but it moves as powerfully as a tank. In spite of the echoes of Cold Comfort Farm there is something genuine and appalling about the attitude of the whole community, including Belinda's father, to "the dummy" until the doctor teaches them to recognize the poor drudge as a human being.

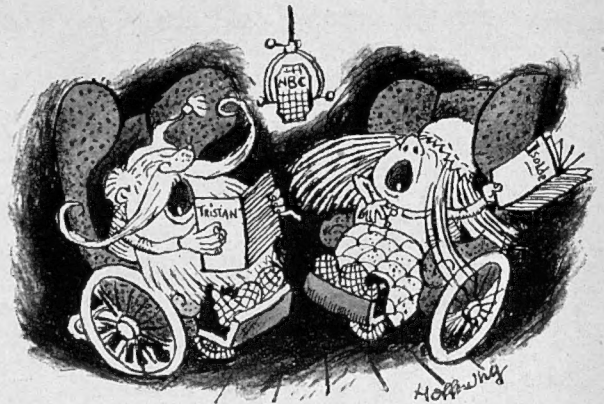
THE melodrama lives partly by virtue of Jean Negulesco's smooth and confident direction, steering it firmly and without hesitation over the murkiest patches, only occasionally permitting such carelessness as surely the shortest known church service—consisting apparently of opening hymn, reading of banns, and closing hymn—and successfully concealing the film's stage origins; but most of all thanks to the acting of the whole small cast and of Jane Wyman in particular.

Miss Wyman seems to be one of those rare stars who can assume any age or any style. In *The Yearling* she was all hard-trying, short-tempered mothers; in *Cheyenne* she was an unusually dashing young Western heroine;

here she is the innocent child, isolated by her affliction but only the more perceptive. An actress in fact, so that it may seem a waste to cast her in a part where she cannot open her mouth. As it proves, the part gives her an opportunity, acting with her eyes, her body and her mind, to revive the vanished expressiveness of the silent screen in the creation of a lonely, helplessly vulnerable human being who lives and survives all her melodramatic surroundings. This touching performance takes Jane Wyman out of the clever character class into the sphere of stars.

JOAN FONTAINE and James Stewart are stars in their prime. But their contributions to *You Gotta Stay Happy* (Leicester Square) are of varying value.

Mr. Stewart, as expert in comedy as in drama, is more than master of the innumerable stock situations of a piece which depends on perfect timing of a line, perfect pitching of a scene in farcical, sentimental or crazy comedy.



"... old age pensions for retiring opera stars"

Miss Fontaine is a romantic leading lady and has nothing original to give the part of a poor little rich girl, compound of all the screen heroines played by Ginger Rogers or Jean Arthur who ever left their bridegrooms standing at the church (honeymoon hotel here), had to share a room with a strange young man, borrow his pyjamas (flying kit), and join in a cross-continent ride (flight in the young man's cargo plane) in eccentric company including a chimpanzee, live lobsters, a corpse and a honeymoon couple. Nothing original, that is, except her charm and the goodwill of an attractive star trying something new.

Miss Fontaine is not yet a comedienne. She may be in time.

Meanwhile she and Mr. Stewart have both enough charm to keep us mildly contented throughout the conventional opening and closing until the riotously happy forced landing among one of those quaint Middle Western backwoods communities, which though not brand new to us, can still be funny.

I HAVE not read John P. Marquand's novel *B.F.'s Daughter*, but the film version, *Polly Fulton* (Empire), emerges—with her father's first initial tactfully altered from B. to P. for the English sound track—as one of those smooth novelettish treatments of matrimonial rough passages for well-to-do intelligent people.

In this case the protagonists are another poor little rich girl (Barbara Stanwyck), spoiled daughter of a rugged individualist (Charles Coburn), and the masterful radical class-warrior (Van Heflin), member of Roosevelt's war-time Brains Trust, whom she marries. Because the characters are more live, the issue between them more actual, this struck me as a shade more acceptable than either *Homecoming* or *Cass Timberlane* in the same class from the same studio. And because Miss Stanwyck and Mr. Heflin are vital personalities and actors who know their job, though he learned his in the theatre, coming late to Hollywood, she during the nineteen years in pictures in which she has grown up from *Ten Cents A Dance* to become an actress of polish as well as character. Thanks, too, for a cruelly funny caricature of a radio correspondent, by Keenan Wynne.

HOLLYWOOD has its star system. Italians and French have an unbelievably high standard of acting. Only British studios seem to have no school of actors at all, but just Margaret Lockwood revolving in a system all her own. In *Look Before You Love* it looks like a vicious circle in which Miss Lockwood can do nothing to save the picture, and not all the British Embassy's young ladies (in Rio) nor all M.I.5's young gentlemen, nor good actors like Griffith Jones and Norman Wooland, can do anything to save Miss Lockwood from her screen self.

GERTRUDE LAWRENCE, is back to the West End stage after twelve years in the U.S., taking the part of the woman at the Aldwych. This immensely accomplished actress has a grace which can perhaps partly be traced to an early study of the ballet, and which combined with her keen dramatic perceptiveness and outstanding personality has made her one of the best loved figures on the stages of both London and New York. A Londoner, and educated at a Streatham convent, she made her first appearance as a child dancer in the pantomime *Babes In The Wood* at the Brixton Theatre in 1910, and among the highlights of a brilliant career, her partnership with Noel Coward in his *To-night at 8.30* will long be remembered. She was president of the American Branch of E.N.S.A. during the war, and her reminiscences, *A Star Danced*, were one of the publishing successes of 1945



Photograph by Angus McBean



The Siren Song, basso profundo, provided by Mr. Gilbey (Alfred Drayton) masquerading skittishly as Mrs. Proudfoot, proves rather too much for her alleged spouse (Robertson Hare). The latter's single wild oat, returned from the past in the shape of Audrey Cuttle (Violet Gould), seems herself to be in danger of collapse at a phenomenon which might shake many a stronger vessel. In the background the long-suffering wives (Constance Lorne and Ruth Maitland) are as astounded at the proceedings as is the hard-boiled butler (Charles Groves)

Anthony Cookman

[Illustration
by Tom Titt]

At The Theatre

"One Wild Oat" (Garriek)

THE art of acting is full of paradoxes, and it should really not surprise us that Mr. Alfred Drayton and Mr. Robertson Hare, who play in nothing but farce and do nothing that is not preposterous, are more recognizably real people than the general run of characters created by authors who pride themselves on a minute veracity in the painting of modern manners.

This reality is complete, and it is universal. In every big block of London flats they are neighbours. Mr. Hare is the less ostentatiously housed. Naturally, for it is not in him to display that ultra-genial salesmanship which suggests to everyone but Mr. Drayton's victim that a pup is about to be sold.

THAT sort of display would be utterly repugnant to his prim respectability. It would not be playing the game. He was born a churchwarden, and he sets his good name in the vestry far beyond the paltry pearls that the wife of a man like Mr. Drayton proudly flaunts. Although his chinny, bespectacled profile relaxes into a neighbourly smile as they pass on the stairs, it is instantly stiffened as he mentally deplores what he suspects to be the bald-headed bounder's way of life. Greyhounds and gambling and black market deals and heaven knows what!

And Mr. Drayton, for his part, has nothing but an amused contempt for his respectable un-

enterprising neighbour who never seems to go to Brighton and probably plays draughts on Saturday nights. Now and then, as he considers the innocence of the little man, there is perhaps a calculating gleam in his eye.

MR. VERNON SYLVAINE, an old hand at the game, invents no new characteristics for them. Nobody would thank him if he did. Mr. Ben Travers years ago discovered all the proper characteristics and fixed them for good and all. What Mr. Sylvaïne has done this time is to stress the one characteristic which Mr. Drayton and Mr. Hare have in common—the love of a father for his child, male or female, right or wrong.

It is a sad blow for Mr. Hare when he learns that his daughter has fallen for young Drayton, and Mr. Drayton is stirred to almost pugilistic fury when he learns that "the little twerp" in the smaller flat frowns on the match. But Mr. Hare's devotion to his daughter's best interests is stronger than his fear of physical violence, and he would stand his ground firmly enough if—ah, the one wild oat of an otherwise blameless life.

It seems to have been a very beautiful affair, and Mr. Hare recalling his dashing youth and his bicycle and his village postmistress and the posies of buttercups that they picked together on Saturday afternoons would melt the heart of the average blackmailer. Mr. Drayton, opening his very blue

eyes as far as the lids can stretch and rubbing his hands in shameless glee, dispatches a private detective to collect "the evidence."

Of course, the evidence in the shape of the postmistress is not quite what either of them expects; of course, Mr. Drayton is hoist on his own petard and involved in big trouble with his wife. But this turn of events does Mr. Hare no sort of good.

IT makes a friend of his enemy; yes, but Mr. Drayton as a friend is infinitely more dangerous to Mr. Hare than he could possibly be as an enemy. It becomes urgently necessary for the new friend to impersonate Mrs. Hare. Then no less urgently necessary for both of them to ascertain whether the postmistress is knock-kneed or bandy-legged—"O Purgatory! O Pandemonium!"

Miss Ruth Maitland and Miss Constance Lorne are the wives, doing little and doing it very effectively, and Mr. Charles Groves amuses himself and the audience by turning himself into a Phil May drawing. Altogether, a delightful evening.

In last week's review of *Oranges and Lemons*, the song *Target for To-night* sung by Max Adrian, was attributed to Alan Melville. This lyric was, with two others in the show, written by Charlotte Mitchell.

TERENCE RATTIGAN, whose latest work, *Playbill*, has brought to the West End stage a fire and depth, as well as a humour, not seen for many years, has about him much of the hard worker and little of the gilded favourite of fortune, in spite of the consistent success of his plays since *French Without Tears* in 1936. Emmwood shows him here in his Albany flat, perhaps meditating a draft of his forthcoming play, *Adventure Story*, dealing with the career of Alexander the Great. Son of a distinguished diplomatist, and grandson of Sir William Rattigan, K.C., M.P., a luminary of the Indian Bench and writer of many books on jurisprudence, Terence Rattigan has his roots in Kildare. He has been equally as successful in his screen ventures as on the stage, and in conjunction with Anthony Asquith and Anatole de Grunwald was responsible for a group of films which did much to make the British screen renaissance a reality. He served as a gunner in the R.A.F. during the war





Mrs. Richard Collison, Mrs. Christopher Brown, Dr. Christopher Brown and Mr. Peter Slattery have a chat before supper



Mr. A. Hardinge Papillon, Mrs. V. Castle and Mr. D. M. Hardwicke recall some humorous incidents of this year's sport



Major and Mrs. George Egerton warm themselves on arrival at one of the magnificent fireplaces which are a feature of Breamore House

THE WILTON HELD NEAR

The 400 Guests Who Went
Enjoyed a Very Gay and



Mr. and Mrs. R. I. H. Longman were two more who enjoyed this pleasant occasion



Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Duncan Paton in a quiet corner by a leaded window



Miss M. Moore, Lt. R. M. S. Smellie, Miss E. Notley, Mr. P. J. Fraser and Miss P. Bennett were some of the younger set at the ball



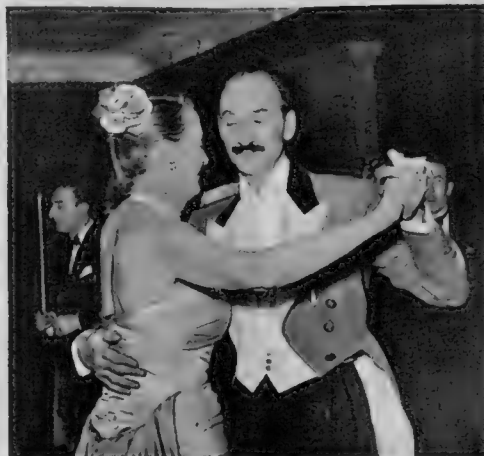
Miss Beatrice Waller, Major Chas. Carfrae, Miss Denison-Wilkins, Mr. Harry Powys Greenwood and Mr. Hugh Powys Greenwood

HUNT BALL SALISBURY

Over to Breamore House
Exhilarating Evening



Miss P. Phillips, whose dress was greatly admired, talking to Mr. A. T. C. Brown



Sir Westrow Hulse, Bt., owner of Breamore House, dancing with Lady Hulse



Capt. J. R. C. Radclyffe, Miss Ann Ferguson, Mr. William Currie and Miss Daphne Smith



Lady Hulse and Mr. Dudley Forward talking during an interval in the dancing



At the buffet: Capt. N. Seaton Stedham, Miss D. Whitehead and Capt. J. A. Hibbert



Capt. J. H. Palairret and Mrs. J. H. Allason amused by a comedy number



Mr. and Mrs. Richard Barwick leaving the ballroom for refreshment



Miss L. von Versen with Miss Rose Eden and her father, Sir Timothy Eden, Bt.



Lt.-Col. Sir Thomas Cook, chairman of the Society, who was M.P. for North Norfolk for fourteen years, with Lady Cook



Sir Jocelyn Lucas Bt., and the Hon. Lady Fox, wife of Sir Gifford Fox, Bt., and daughter of the late Lord Elmsley

Anglo-Brazilian Society Ball at the Dorchester



Four of the guests were Señor Humberto Videla, Counsellor to the Chilean Embassy in London, Mme. Videla, His Excellency the Colombian Ambassador, Dr. Ezguerra, who was appointed to the Court of St. James's last June, and Mme. Ezguerra



Viscount Davidson, President of the Hispanic and Luso-Brazilian Councils, with Miss Anne Butterwick



Lady Elliott Forbes, with Lt.-Gen. Sir Ivor Thomas, G.O.C.-in-C. Anti-Aircraft Command and Colonel-Commandant of the R.A.

Jennifer writes HER SOCIAL

Court News: The King's illness has necessarily upset Palace routine in many ways. For example, the annual family Christmas carol party, at which the boys of the choir of the Chapel Royal from St. James's sing Christmas songs familiar and unfamiliar to the King and Queen and members of the Royal Household, had to be altered. Instead of the choristers singing in front of the open fireplace in the Bow Saloon on the ground floor, they sang upstairs in one of the State apartments nearer the King's bedroom.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, looking charming in a long crimson velvet coat trimmed with silver fox fur and a hat to match, attended the concert given in aid of the Keats-Shelley Memorial Association. The Marchioness of Crewe, chairman of the British Committee for this Memorial, received her Majesty when she arrived at Viscount and Viscountess Clifden's delightful house in Belgrave Square. The concert was held in the fine drawing-room on the first floor.

The programme included readings from Keats by Vita Sackville-West, and from Shelley by Cecil Day Lewis. The English Harpsichord Trio played three pieces, and Signor Silveri, the Italian singer, gave several songs superbly. Lady Juliet Duff, the Countess of Birkenhead in a tie-silk spotted dress, and Lady Suenson-Taylor were among the guests I saw enjoying this delightful afternoon. Lady Caroline Montagu-Douglas-Scott was selling programmes in aid of the Memorial.

The Keats-Shelley Memorial is in Rome. It comprises both the house in which Keats died in 1821 and the graves of the two poets in the Protestant cemetery. In the house, with an important collection of manuscripts, pictures and relics, there is a library of nearly 10,000 volumes. All these survived the war, but now the future of the Memorial is uncertain owing to lack of funds. Indeed, only the timely generosity of troops of the British, Dominion and Allied forces, some thousands of whom have been through the house, has kept the Memorial open. Any sum will be gratefully received by the Treasurer, Barclays Bank, Pall Mall, S.W.1.

IT was with much regret that Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh had to alter their plans for the christening of their baby son, who, I hear, is going on very well indeed and gaining weight steadily. The Princess had long hoped and planned for a christening at Sandringham in the church where His Majesty was baptised over fifty years ago. It was only the definite ruling of the King's doctors that he could not be regarded as fit to travel which compelled the young parents to alter the venue to Buckingham Palace.

PRINCESS MARGARET, one of the obvious choices as a godparent, has in recent weeks been taking an increasingly independent line of her own with regard to

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her engagements, both public and private. In this she has had valuable assistance from dark-haired Miss Jennifer Bevan, a friend of hers from their girlhood days, who was chosen by the Princess to accompany her on the cancelled tour of New Zealand and Australia.

They were together at the gala performance of *Coppelia*, danced by the International Ballet at the London Casino in aid of Denville Hall, the home for aged actors and actresses. The Princess watched the performance from a box with Mrs. Norman Crowther, who was chairman of the gala.

Others I saw in the audience included the Brazilian Ambassador and Doña Moniz de Aragao sitting in the front row of the dress circle, as were Lady Waddilove and her sister Miss le Gros, Mrs. Attlee, and Sir Weldon and Lady Dalrymple-Champneys. A little farther away were Sir Eustace and Lady Pulbrook, with her daughter and future son-in-law, Miss Barbara Crowle and Mr. Jack Mathews, who are having a country wedding in January. The Marchioness of Carisbrooke was also sitting in the dress circle, accompanied by her daughter, Lady Iris Mountbatten, who had just returned from America.

LVELLY vases of flowers and flags adorned the fine Yugoslav Embassy in Kensington Gore on the occasion of Yugoslav National Day. Over a thousand guests streamed up the wide marble staircase to the first-floor reception room, where they were received by their host, H.E. Dr. Obrad Cicmil, with the Counsellor and Mme. Kos, who later mingled among the guests looking after everyone and introducing friends as did other members of the Ambassador's staff. There were long buffets upstairs and in the ground-floor reception rooms, where not only cocktails, but also delicious Yugoslav wines were served with many other unusual delicacies.

Among the guests were many members of the Diplomatic Corps and members of Parliament. I met the Chinese Ambassador and Mme. Cheng enjoying this good party, and a little farther on the ever-cheerful High Commissioner for Pakistan and his charming wife, the Begum Rahimtoola, and later the Polish Ambassador and his very attractive young wife. Mr. and Mrs. Harold Wilson were walking through the rooms, and I saw Mr. C. P. Mayhew with a group of friends.

ST. MARGARET'S, Lothbury, one of Sir Christopher Wren's masterpieces in the heart of the City, made a pretty setting for the wedding of Capt. Michael Clarke and Miss Priscilla Hale. The church was decorated with tawny chrysanthemums and autumn leaves, and the wax candles in the beautiful old brass chandeliers shed a golden light over the chancel.

The bride, who was given away by her father, Col. Churchill Hale, wore a dress of silver-striped romaine cut on classical lines, and she was wearing her parents' magnificent present, a pearl necklace and earrings, and a diamond clip brooch. There were three child bridesmaids, who wore long dresses of parchment-coloured lace over apricot silk, with sashes of flame-coloured taffeta.

The reception was held at the historic Grocers Hall, in Prince's Street, as the bride's father,

who is a former High Sheriff of Sussex, is one of the Honourable Company. Col. and Mrs. Churchill Hale received the guests with the bridegroom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clarke, in the Court Room. After congratulating the bride and bridegroom here, guests passed on into the great Livery Hall, with its magnificent pictures and hangings and famous gold plate, which was specially on view for the occasion.

AMONG the guests I met Miss Vivien Beamish, sister of the very capable young Member for Lewes, Major Tufton Beamish, who takes an active interest in her brother's work; Major and Mrs. George Bradstock, who told me that their horse Hertford Street had won several good races lately; and Mrs. Arthur Kekewich, who came up from Sussex with her parents, Major-Gen. and Mrs. Utterson Kelso. Also from Sussex I saw Mr. Jack Harrison, of Ferrings, Plumpton, who was very interested in the historical aspect of the Grocers Hall, as he is the owner of an exceptionally fine art collection himself; Mrs. Edwin Fisher, Major and Mrs. Tony Powell-Edwards, Mr. and Mrs. John Hale, whose small daughter Susan was a bridesmaid, Col. and Mrs. E. J. Nixon and Miss Pamela Styles.

THE Anglo-Brazilian Ball at the Dorchester was once again one of the best-dressed and most enjoyable gatherings of the little season. His Excellency the Brazilian Ambassador, doyen of the Diplomatic Corps, had a large party, with Doña Moniz de Aragao, who wore a beautiful dress of cream satin, veiled in black lace. Their guests included the Argentine Ambassador, the Belgian Ambassador, accompanied by the Vicomtesse Obert de Thieusies, and Lady Claud Hamilton, who was wearing her Coronation, Jubilee and Defence medals, was in the Brazilian Ambassador's party with her husband, the Comptroller of Queen Mary's household.

Also at this long table I saw Sir Lancelot and Lady Oliphant, the Countess Beauchamp in blue, Mrs. Alistair Cameron and Lady Moncrieffe and her daughter Elizabeth. Near by Sir Thomas Cook, the chairman, had a large party, with Lady Cook, who wore an attractive striped satin moiré dress and lovely diamonds. With them were Lord and Lady Hawke, Lord Sempill (the only man I noticed wearing a kilt), with Lady Sempill, Sir Jocelyn Lucas and Sir Arthur Evans, who were sitting chatting together. Sir Gifford and Lady Fox had brought their daughter Gina, and other young people in this party included the host and hostess's elder daughter Geraldine, the Hon. Michael Greenwood, Miss Jane Portal, Mr. David Haig and Mr. Henry Hely-Hutchinson.

Sir Weldon and Lady Dalrymple-Champneys brought a large party, including the Iraqi Ambassador and Princess Zaid el Hussein, the Turkish Ambassador and Sir William and Lady Lamb.

As was to be expected at this South American ball, the dances included many rumbas and sambas. Dancing a rumba I saw Lady Charles partnered by Mr. Paul Warburg, and Mrs. Arnold dancing with Prince Yurza Galitzine. The latter were in Viscount and Viscountess Davidson's party, which included their daughter Jean. The Countess of Seafield, in black, was dancing with her husband. Mrs. Margaret Sweeny, just returned from her visit to Germany and looking as lovely as ever in black, was sitting chatting to Mrs. John Dewar and her host, Sir Noel Charles, who had just returned from a vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Christie Miller, the latter very good looking in a blue net dress, brought a party of fourteen who had dined with them in their lovely Hyde Park Gate house. Their guests included Col. and Mrs. Villiers, Russian-born Mrs. Waring, Mr. Jack Winter, Miss Diana Newall, and Mr. and Mrs. Peter Whitwell. Mrs. Whitwell, who was Princess Hélène de Ligne before her marriage in Brussels last September, looked lovely in a pale-gold dress made out of an exquisite sari her brother had brought home from India. The new



Princess Marie-Louise with a luncheon party at Beechwood Park, Herts, before opening a sale in aid of church funds at Tolmers School, near St. Albans. The guests are (from lower left corner): the Hon. Stephen Runciman, Mrs. Richard Russell, Mr. Markham, Lady Farrar, Viscount Davidson, the Princess, Miss Whittle (Principal), Lord Farrar, Viscountess Davidson, Dr. Cecil Russell, Mrs. Adams (lady-in-waiting), Mr. Richard Russell, Mrs. Markham and Mlle. Palanque

Colombian Ambassador and his charming wife, Mme. Ezguerra, were at a nearby table with a party.

LADY WORSLEY has recently taken over the chairmanship of the Central Executive Committee of the Victoria League, and gave a cocktail party in their headquarters to meet the High Commissioners, Agents-General and as many members of the various committees as possible. Lady Worsley has succeeded the Duchess of Devonshire, who has been a splendid chairman, working hard to encourage people in this island to offer hospitality to men and women from all parts of the Empire visiting this country. Although the Duchess has resigned her chairmanship owing to the ever-increasing calls on her time by the people of Derbyshire and Sussex, where her husband is a big landowner, she still remains a member of the Committee.

Lady Worsley received the guests with Col. Hills, a member of the House Committee who works very hard for the Victoria League. The Earl and Countess of Gowrie, who both take the keenest interest in visitors from the Empire in Berkshire, were helping to entertain the guests, and other members of the Central Executive Committee at the party included Gen. and Mrs. Antrobus, Admiral Sir Guy and Lady Royle, Sir Miles and Lady Dempsey and Mr. and Mrs. Richard Carrow, who do so much to arrange hospitality for Empire visitors in Wiltshire. I met the High Commissioner for Pakistan and the Begum Rahimtoola; he was telling me how delighted he was that, with only one horse in training, which he bought fairly late in the season, he won six races.

Others among Lady Worsley's guests were the Commissioner for East Africa and Mrs. Norton, the High Commissioner for Canada and Mrs. Norman Robertson, Admiral Sir Arthur Bromley, Mr. David Wills, Col. Rees-Williams, Mr. Tully from New South Wales, and Mr. and Mrs. Kitson from Western Australia.



No doubt of the House's appreciation of this speaker. He is Mr. Kenneth Tynan of Magdalen, who, fortified with amateur dramatic experience, easily walked away with the evening's oratorical honours

“The Tatler” at — THE OXFORD UNION (1948)

FAREWELL DEBATE

THE Farewell Debate at the Oxford Union is one of those gay occasions designed, as one speaker put it, “to make every man over twenty-five feel as if he were Methuselah.” The first orator, the Hon. A. N. Wedgwood Benn of New College, signalled his last appearance with an easy eloquence and a display of wit which should make Hansard a joy to read in years to come. Mr. J. G. Samuels of Wadham, opposing the frivolous motion “That this House would like to have it both ways,” was interrupted in his discourse by the descent of balloons whose erratic behaviour occasioned an offer of odds of six to four, from a section of the house, on their ultimate destination.

Mr. Seymour Hills of Wadham was immaculate and graceful in his discourse, as befits a retiring President, wallowing cheerfully in “a chaos of clear

ideas,” and adding enormously to the gaiety of the evening. Next term his place will be taken by Mr. Peter Kirk (Trinity), a son of the Bishop of Oxford. The University is now saying farewell to its older post-war students and the President-elect will be the youngest holder of the office since 1939.

Mr. Kenneth Tynan of Magdalen, a notable figure in the O.U.D.S., who recently played the title-rôle in *Hamlet*, when it was presented in Cheltenham and staged in eighteenth-century costume, made the speech of the evening. A flow of epigrams mingled with mimicry kept the house in an uproar of applause.

This is no easy feat, for the audience, which must be the most critical in the world, will brook only the finest brand of nonsense, and true bravery must be coupled with brevity if it is to be acclaimed as the soul of wit.



The retiring President points towards a picture of Gladstone, a former President of the Union. With him is the President-elect



The House's approval was signalled by balloon. Mr. J. G. Samuels (Wadham) reaches for one dropped down to him



The ladies' colleges were well represented in the gallery of the Debating Hall, and this group of undergraduates was obviously extracting much amusement from the proceedings



Miss Elizabeth Firth talking to Mr. Seymour Hills, the retiring President, and Mr. Philip Roussel



Also at the reception which followed the debate: Mr. Colin Jackson, Miss Elspet Gray and Mr. John Gilbert (St. John's)



Mr. Dick Faber, Sir Edward Boyle, Bt., and Mr. Rodney Donald, all Christ Church undergrads



Refreshment for four: Miss Carmen Blacker, Mr. Robin Day, Miss Claire MacLeod (Lady Margaret Hall) and Mr. Francis Schuster (Wadham)



Mr. Jeremy Thorpe (Trinity), teller for the "Ayes," Miss Elisabeth Graham, President of the University's Liberal Club, and the Bishop of Oxford



Mr. Kenneth Tynan, the Union Secretary, with Miss Val Mitchison, Mr. Clive Wigram, Miss Gwen Williams and Mr. Lionel Butler



The Hon. Oliver Herbert and Mr. J. R. N. Palmer, both of Wadham, with Miss Pamela Maxwell Fyfe, daughter of Sir David and Lady Maxwell Fyfe

FIGHTER COMMAND ANNUAL BALL



G/Capt. the Earl of Bandon, P.M.C., who organised the ball with his staff, was with the Countess of Bandon



Mrs. E. M. Donaldson, G/Capt. Donaldson, who broke the air speed record in 1946, and Mrs. G. Harcourt-Smith



Mrs. Ballantyne arriving with Air Cdre. G. A. Ballantyne at the ball, held at Bentley Priory, Fighter Command H.Q.

Priscilla in Paris

I SYMPATHISE with the young people *en route* for the winter sports who planned to stop off and spend their Christmas in Paris. Nowhere in Europe are the shops so lovely, the window displays so gorgeous and yet in such good taste, or the night clubs so bright and merry. Given they have plenty of the flimsy stuff that crackles in vanity-bags and pocket-books, young visitors to Paris can have a wonderful time, and older travellers who still enjoy hitting the high spots can even imagine that they are back in pre-war days, so happy and light of heart does the *monde où l'on s'amuse* appear.

This is entirely as it should be at this time of the year. January—meaning more taxation—is close upon us, and May, by which date we shall have shouldered our new burdens, or else dropped with them in some discreet ditch by the roadside, is still a long way off. So, pending the worst and the best, we have been calling on our almost inexistent reserves in order to eat, drink and be merry in December.

MR. BEVIN asks France to shape her economy projects in order to meet a necessity market, not a luxury one. "Hear! Hear!" say we. But if Mr. Bevin could see my letter-box he would know that, for some little time now, quite an effort has been made in the right direction. Every morning my breakfast-tray is laden with circulars—most of them are printed on *de luxe* paper, by the way—offering great reductions on all manner of expensive items that go to make up the joy of living.

Famous, long-established *couturiers* open ready-to-wear departments. Big ready-to-wear stores have started made-to-order frocks at perfectly reasonable prices. Silk stockings are almost down to rayon prices, and nylons are fairly easy to find. The other day I discovered that a well-known *confiseur* in the Champs-Élysées was selling grape-fruit marmalade made with real fruit and sugar at a cheaper rate than

The Christmas Visitor Disappointed

the small grocer sells the synthetic jelly that certain wholesale merchants call "jam."

Oranges on the push-carts (with which the police deal so harshly) are again a golden sight that delights the eye, and bananas are miraculously plentiful. These may seem little things, but they show the way the wind is blowing.

LETTER postage from France to England is nearly double the fee from England to France. This rather put the lid on the dispatching of greeting-cards for quite a few of us. Many English friends over here have asked me to say this, and it is in their name as well as my own that I somewhat belatedly wish a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to all dear friends at home. We would have liked to say it individually, with the usual gilt-edged cards, complete with robin-redbreasts, frosting, jingle-bells and what not. It is hard to break with tradition, but sometimes it must be done.

GEORGE ULMER, the Danish singer who has been a success over here, had a grand send-off when he left for the States the other evening. He has made his career in France, singing in French the many songs he has written and composed himself, and of which "Pigalle" is one of the most famous. Half Paris turned up at the airport to wish him luck, and till the last moment, while the engines were already throbbing and the propellers whirling, he sang for us to the accompaniment of his guitarists. His pretty French wife was there, and I am sure she must have been hating us all! She is joining him, with the children, in January.

George is a real family man. When he was appearing at the A.B.C. Theatre last spring he brought his baby son on to the stage when he sang "*Il a dix mois*," the song he composed in the infant's honour. They brought the house down. Papa Ulmer was a very proud young man that afternoon, but Mama Ulmer, who



Air Marshal Sir William Elliot, C-in-C. of Fighter Command, waits with Lady Elliot to receive the guests

AT STANMORE



Air Cdre. Sir Harry Broadhurst and Lady Broadhurst enjoying a laugh with Air Cdre. D. F. Ackerley



A group of guests: Mrs. A. E. Bullivant, Lt.-Col. R. B. Irwin, F/O. M. R. Tuft, S/O. J. Clark, Col. John Ackerman (Air Attaché, U.S. Embassy), Mrs. Leon Johnson, Major-Gen. Leon Johnson, Mrs. John Ackerman and Lt.-Col. Richard L. Orr



Miss J. King, Air Vice-Marshal E. J. Kingston-McCloughby, and Gen. R. F. K. Belchem, Chief of Staff to Field Marshal Montgomery



Major A. D. Tree, Mrs. D. O. Hepsted, Major Hepsted and Mrs. Tree exchange notes in an interval before supper



Air Marshal A. B. Ellwood, Commander-in-Chief of Bomber Command, went to the ball with Mrs. Ellwood



W/Cdr. and Mrs. L. A. Jessop were among the 500 guests at the ball. The Central Band of the R.A.F. played for dancing

Have Not Been Here

stood in the wings and threatened dire reprisals, had a word or two to say to him when he came off!

LOVERS of the staid and dignified Comédie Française must not miss seeing the new presentation of Molière's enchanting comedy-ballet *Monsieur de Pourceaugnac*. It is accompanied on the bill by *L'Occasion*, a short one-act play by Prosper Mérimée. Marvellous acting in an exquisite setting. At the same National Theatre one may also see the revival of that bewhiskered drama of the 'eighties: *Sapho*. The novel, by Alphonse Daudet, from which the play is taken, was dedicated to the author's sons: "*Pour mes fils quand ils auront vingt ans!*" Dear innocents, who were required to reach that ripe age before reading the story of a Fallen Woman! What would they think of some of the modern novels that are read—and discussed—in the schoolroom? Here again the acting is superb. Annie Ducaux, who was seen in London during the Comédie's visit last autumn, is *Sapho*. She is perhaps a little too distinguished in her portrayal of the old hackney-coachman's abandoned daughter, but how lovely she looked in the fashions of 1885, and how bravely she tore passion to tatters! How we gloated . . . and giggled!

Voilà!

Such is fame! Suzy Solidor tells how a charming American socialite refused to travel with her in the 'plane that brought her back to France. "Should there be an accident," said the lady, "the papers will just say: 'Suzy Solidor and twenty other passengers!' It's not good enough!"



The bride and bridegroom at the altar. Sir Henry George Massy Dashwood, who is the eighth baronet, succeeded his father last year. He lives at the Manor, Duns Tew, Oxford

A WINTER WEDDING AT ST. PAUL'S, KNIGHTSBRIDGE

Sir Henry Dashwood, Bt., Marries Miss Susan Mary Montgomerie-Charrington



The Rev. C. F. Lewis, who officiated, talking to Mrs. Thomas Weldon



Mrs. M. U. Courage and Mrs. Peter Long were two more of the guests



Mr. R. Montgomerie-Charrington with Mrs. John Clarke



Mrs. Montgomerie-Charrington with Hon. Mrs. Douglas Cameron



The bride of the late Montgomerie



Sir Francis



degroom cutting the cake. The bride is the daughter
or Victor Montgomerie-Charrington, and of Mrs.
rington; of Grey Court, King's Sutton, Northants.



Mrs. Rufus Clarke talking to Mr. Hamish
Erskine and Princess Colaho



Mr. Henry Montgomerie-Charrington with Earl
and Countess Beatty, who came from Banbury



Viscount Dillon, the twentieth holder
of the title, talking to Major and
Mrs. Rufus Clarke



Mrs. Robin Montgomerie-Charrington,
Mr. Frank Montgomerie and Mr. Robin
Montgomerie-Charrington



ington, Bt., and Lady Winnington at the reception,
us held at Londonderry House, Park Lane



After duty well done, the page, Robin Montgomerie-Charrington, and
the bridesmaid, Tara Weldon, have a quiet drink of orangeade

Swæbe



Miss Pamela Manningham-Buller and
Sir Mervyn Manningham-Buller, Bt.



Lady Whitby, herself a doctor and wife of Sir Lionel Whitby, President of the B.M.A. and an eminent Cambridge medical figure, cuts the cake under the watchful eye of Father Christmas. With her is Mr. S. H. Thomas, the secretary of the ball

The Cambridge University Medical Society Hold a Christmas Ball



Miss Eunice Cooper and Mr. C. F. Parry give a toast to the season under the Christmas tree



Mr. A. G. Auchison, the Squash Blue, talking to Mrs. G. M. White, wife of the Olympic hockey player and Rugger Blue



Dr. J. D. Simpson, Miss A. Holmes, Mr. P. J. Lyne, who is President of the Society, and Mrs. J. D. Simpson



A party including Miss Nancy Allen, Mr. J. G. Durham, Mr. I. G. Tait, Miss B. A. Creasey, Mr. F. Allen and Miss M. C. Low (foreground)



Mr. M. W. H. Bishop and Miss J. Scandrett arriving in carnival mood at the Dorothy Café, where the ball was held

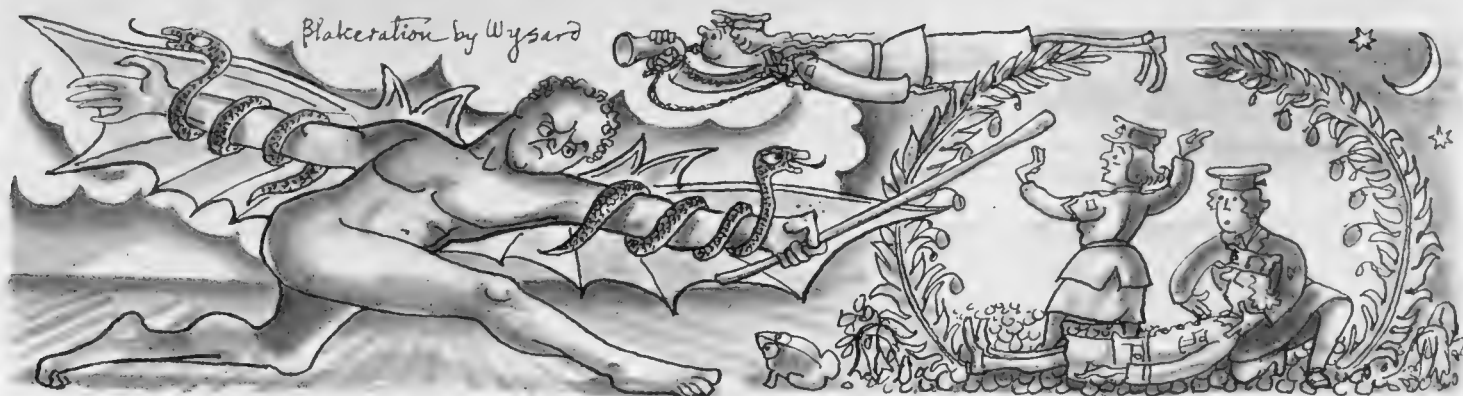


A convivial table: Mr. A. D. Gordon, Miss Stella Wathen, Mr. J. R. Flury, Mr. D. G. Newton, Miss E. D. Allinson, Mr. I. M. McCulloch, Miss J. Middleton and Miss M. McCulloch



Mr. D. Ellis, Miss Joyce Finlay, Miss Dorothy Grocock, Mr. S. Dallas, Miss Margaret Woodhead, Mr. G. Shephard, Miss Diana Ratcliffe and Mr. J. Blaxill

Tasker, Press Illustrations



"Blake's prophetic warning . . ."

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Standing By . . .

AME VERA LAUGHTON MATHEWS' absorbing history of the W.R.N.S., just published, omits only one item of interest, namely Blake's prophetic warning to the Senior Service in *Auguries of Innocence*, which we make no apology for recalling:

He who shall hurt the tiny Wren
Shall never be belov'd by Men.

Some time later Blake got round in visions to the other women's Services and extended his warning to the military and Air Force equally:

The Man who swipes at bijou Ats
Gives decent Citizens the Rats,
And he who socks the tiny Waaf
Has maybe laughed his final Laugh.

It is believed that Blake took up the cause of British girlhood after his historic chat with the Major Prophets one evening on the beach at Felpham, Sussex. It was probably an afterthought on the Prophets' part (" . . . and you needn't make a thing of it, Blake. No fancy pictures. The highbrows will be sufficiently confused by your stuff anyway"), uttered just before they vanished into the mist.

And so home, after a quick one at the Fox Inn, to supper with Mrs. Blake, a girl of patience and stamina.

Dawn

MIZZLING, as Mr. Sponge would say, round the Tate during the current exhibition—by arrangement with the French Government—of paintings by the eminent Jacques-Louis David, Robespierre's buddy, we thought what a violently unlikeable and bloodyminded type Citizen David was, with his swollen misshapen face and shifty eyes. We also wondered if you cherish any illusions about our native Art boys, if and when our native Reds introduce *le grand Soir*.

Our guess is that more than one picturesque but apparently harmless Bohemian will cash in on the Terror overnight, like David, thereby settling old grudges. For every unsold canvas some philistine gizzard even now awaits the palette-knife, as anyone knows who mixes with those smouldering boys; and if you cry that some tenderhearted Mimi, struck by your manly beauty, will be sure to intercede for you at the last moment, you rave. Mimi and her fellow models will be dancing the Carmagnole down the King's Road, where an art-critic will swing from every lamp-post.

Afterthought

YOU ask about the two principal Arts Clubs. The attitude of dignified aloofness there will prove impressive. On the other hand the Complaints-Book will probably be full of irritable entries:

"Can nothing be done to ensure that no member is liquidated at teatime? I had to wait half an hour

for a toasted muffin yesterday because the local Revolutionary Committee were hunting for somebody or other. And need members be massacred in the Lounge?"

"I looked in vain yesterday evening for the *Burlington Magazine* and the Final Night edition of *Red Dawn*, and when I found them they were all over bloodstains. I suggest the Library Committee provides an extra (clean) copy of the latter paper every night henceforth." (Etc., etc.)

You say this is not a very artistic attitude to Progress. We remind you that it is one approved by Ruskin (see *The Crown of Wild Olive—And Was Olive Wild!*, XV, 155).

Krach

CONSIDERING what Chopin, Tschaikowsky, Ravel, and all the Strausses have done for the Viennese Waltz, a petulant dancing-chit recently describing it as "boring and mechanical" was asking for a healing rap on the bustle, we thought.

The only reasonable criticism of the waltz, made by the amiable gossip Joseph Farington, R.A., who first saw it in Paris in 1802, concerns its liability to cause giddiness. When it arrived in Regency London a lot of men-about-town fell down while waltzing, but they were admittedly the kind of chaps who, like H.R.H., fell down anyway. It was their habit of hanging on to the nearest piece of their fair partners, while taking a toss, which caused the waltz to be denounced as "licentious" by foxhunters.

It took a century to turn this un-English habit into a brilliant piece of ballet-technique. Serious balletomanes will recall Diaghilev's comeback to the anguished Cecchetti when Serge Pantzoff fell base-over-apex with Fallova through the backcloth while waltzing in *Chopiniana* (1910):

"Maestro! It is a disaster!"
"Nichevo! It is a new art-form!"
"But the critics—"
"I fix them cocos."

Next day the leading critics unanimously hailed "the new *dégringolage*, a daringly dynamic fusion of objective three-dimensional planes, resolving into a *grand krach total*, which will revolutionise," etc., etc. Thus was born the Basic-Apicist School of ballet which charms us today.

Phraortes

A SOURPUSS critic of the newspaper public, alleging that there's nothing our old friend Constant Reader—not to speak of Indignant Taxpayer, Disgusted, Pro Bono Publico, Lifelong Conservative, and the others—enjoys more over his morning toast than a good old front-page sexy brawl, was perfectly correct. As with Phraortes, King of Persia, you can see those big round eyes popping from here. (Aggie! Listen to this! . . .)

Phraortes, hero of one of our favourite tragedies, *The Captives*, by John Gay, is the true prototype of the average citizen you see in the Underground devouring the *Daily Horror*. Consider Phraortes' impatience when his fair Captive starts getting down to brasstacks in Act III:

CAP.: Then suddenly, the Ravisher rush'd in.
(Weeps.)

PHRA.: Go on!

CAP.: He seiz'd me, tore me, dragg'd me to his Arms;

O Shame! O brutal Force! (Weeps.)

PHRA.: Unhappy Woman!—
Proceed!

Old Registered Reader Phraortes can hardly wait for it, observe. Moreover, having drained the final sensational drop, he turns (like Disgusted and the other boys) shocked, angry, and public-spirited, loudly demanding why such un-Persian behaviour is tolerated, etc., etc., etc., and fol-de-rol, and tra-la-la.

Incidentally, these two principal parts in *The Captives* were played originally by Wilks and Mrs. Oldfield, two sterling hams. Ask yourself whether our ancestors were as badly off for Culture as you think.

GOOD-BYE, MR. BRIGGS



Much self-control is needed to look dignified in these circumstances. But Briggs was ever the man to rise to an occasion, and does not fail even in so dire an extremity

Sabretache

Pictures in the Fire

ALACK and alas the fleeting years, which neither piety nor the wrinkles of revered age can stem! There is only one winning post on this humming sphere and, even it, by the same token, is only the distance-post 240 yards from the end. It is the one inside of which everyone hopes he will finish, for there is something definitely ignominious about being distanced, no matter how bravely he may have jumped the course.

Only the last part of these remarks is original: the first bit is cribbed from something written to the order of a duck-hearted person called Postumus, who was so afraid of dying that he hardly dared to live. He has had many imitators and, like him, none of them has been worth the price of a box of Portuguese matches.

South of the Tweed we do not make half as much of the birthday of the New Year as they do north of it, or, for that matter, as they do upon that restless Continent of Europe. The Sassenach hardly knows what Hogmanay is, and we never go in for "fust futtin'," a hospitable custom when whisky was not quite so scarce. It is true that we do let a dark man in the front door and open the back one to let out the palsied old sinner, whose back, so we say, we are so glad to see; but we do not go much further than that.

This operation is not always quite fair, for the Old Year quite easily may prove himself to have been a much better chap than his untried successor. But the Dark Man is the most appropriate thing that we do, for he is indeed all that—no form behind him; perhaps a non-trier; or a mad-headed brute that will take the first one by the roots and iron us out worse than we have ever been ironed out before. We hope that he will jump the country, and revive those "old desires," so touchingly spoken of by the bibulous old Tent-Maker; but we cannot possibly know. How can we back him over the things we see in front? We don't know whether he can jump even a sheep hurdle. So perhaps, after all, we are right not to make such a fuss of him as do our Brither Scots.



"He was so afraid of dying..."

THE dawn of everything is inevitably an event, pleasant or otherwise, and the dawn of day—New Year's or not—has inspired many a bard, the greatest of them all included. Some people think it fitting to bring in the New Year by incorrectly quoting Robbie Burns in an accent which he never possessed; and some celebrate it by kicking themselves for not having done or said the obvious in the year which has just been bundled out neck and crop—for instance, that one at 66 to 1 at Blankton which we missed, or the absolute stopper that someone thought of too late for that unspeakable person who is always so rude on principle to everyone, and who has been asking for a real squelcher for ages.

But perhaps it is more profitable and uplifting to think about how others greater than ourselves have visualised the dawn when the caravan leaves for who knows where? It is impossible to quote anything in British literature better than Shakespeare's "envious streaks that lace the severing clouds"; "night's candles are burnt out and jocund day stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops." The light is exquisite, especially if they happen to be snows.

Fitzgerald may be placed a pretty close second with his "For Morning in the Bowl of Night has cast the stone that puts the stars to flight." Casting a stone into a metal bowl has been the "Revally" amongst the Bedawin almost time out of mind, and that graceful poet hardly had need to add "And lo the Hunter of the East

has caught the Sultan's turret in a noose of light." The picture was complete without it.

Mr. "Anon," whose works some of us make a point of collecting, perhaps may be entitled to a *prox acc.* Here are some bits and pieces: "Pale streaks of light are breaking where the meadows meet the sky. . . . Sweet fragrance of the roses: the low music of the streams, a lilt of fairy voices from the misty land of dreams. . . . And life is full of magic, There's enchantment in the air 'twixt starlight and the dawning it is then the world is fair."

There is more, but anyway the consensus of expert opinion seems to be that it is the most wholesome and unspoilt hour. There are exceptions, as we all know; that dawn after the one too many Coronas or ports—the result is just the same; but the peep-o'-day boys very often see the best of it. On the other hand, dawn or eve, there are times when we know that all the corn and all the oil and all the wine that maketh glad the heart of man are just of no use at all to us.

IT would be very remiss if someone did not say "Thank you kindly!" to the Senior Steward of the Jockey Club for his masterly pronouncement at the more or less recent Gimcrack Dinner at York. The Christmas Number has intervened and stopped the flow of current gossip. His Grace the Duke of Norfolk said: "I do not believe that the Senior Steward should be called upon each year to make a considered statement of policy. . . . The present policy of the Jockey Club is well known." There is nothing quite so boring as the enunciation of the obvious—and we get so much of it! If some people could remember sometimes how fatuous it is to say: "If it goes on like this we shan't get any change!" there would be fewer traffic hold-ups and we should save a lot of time.

The Scots deal with this sort of thing very efficiently. They just say: "Dinna blether," and pass onwards, leaving the ape planted. They're cannie folk! Everyone knows that the Jockey Club's main target is to encourage racing, see that it is properly carried on and drop on anyone who tries any monkey business; such a one, in fact, as the cool customer who offered an owner £10,000 to have his horse hooked up. The Duke of Norfolk was only too right; but he was well in his ground to draw attention to the decline in receipts, in spite of there having been such a spate of racing. The gate, plus entrance money, etc., constitute the very air that racing executives breathe: if they have it not they perish.

The Senior Steward said further: "The Entertainment Tax stands to-day at 48 per cent., it is a burden no one can carry for long." Let us hope that these words will not fall upon quite such deaf ears as has been the case in the past. Racing is not just an entertainment: it is one of the legs of a most lucrative national industry, and a dollar-earning industry at that. His Grace made a good fighting speech, a grand example to some people, who seem to take a sheer delight in having someone walk over their faces in hobnailed boots.

Another part of his speech of which I think we ought to take notice, is what he said about this boosting of every French success, and the playing down of any English ones. That is the English way, and an encouragement to people outside this kingdom to get too big for their boots. The homely truth is that luck goes in cycles, like most other things, but there is very little wrong with our general scheme of breeding and nothing at all wrong with how our horses are trained. Perhaps fewer sprint races would help us tremendously?



Mr. K. S. Shipton waits in a clearing while the beaters get to work



As the birds come over the plough, Col. Friend is there to receive them



Viscount Hawarden, who lives at Adisham, watches Mr. Gerald Kingsford shooting



Mr. P. R. A. Moxon takes a pheasant from his dog, which has retrieved it from a nearby plantation



Horace Hall

Out With the Guns Near Canterbury

A very successful day was recently had by a party shooting over Sir John Prestige's Bourne estate, about 8 miles from Canterbury. Weather was excellent, and at the end of the shoot fifty-five brace had been accounted for. Above, the guns, keepers and beaters are seen having lunch in the lee of a wood

R. C. Robertson-Glasgow

Scoreboard



RUMOUR, which travels horizontally at 1100 feet a second, reports that Freddy Brown, formerly of Surrey, may be next summer's cricket captain of Northamptonshire. If so, unusually good. Brown is just the sort of captain that cricketers, melancholy fellows when left to themselves, would like to follow. For, besides having much shrewdness, he was born, like Scaramouche, with a gift of laughter and a sense that the world is mad; which it is.

He plays pretty well anything, outside of music. At the Ley's School and Cambridge, apart from his cricket, he was a star at rugby and hockey. As a leg-break-and-googly bowler, I have always rated him, at his best, with O'Reilly and Grimmett. He went to Australia with Douglas Jardine's team in 1932-33. But he played in no Test match. "Slow bowling," he has been heard to remark, "was not the fashion on that trip."

As a batsman, he has shown himself one of the strongest drivers of his time. I recall an innings of 168 or so for Surrey against Kent at Blackheath, when he attacked "Tich" Freeman's wily floaters, and made the Rugger grandstand behind the bowler boom like a naval battle. In the recent war he was taken prisoner by the Germans. He returned home minus some four stone of weight. Now in the plenitude of health and size again, he will be knocking the dullness out of any cricket he plays.

Officialdom, it is bruited, disapproves of cyclists who seek to win races by taking drugs. But no one who wasn't under the influence of something would ever ride a bicycle at all. I once knew a fast bowler who believed that a rare amalgam of strychnine and cocaine would enable him to bowl balls of invisible speed. But he was a simple fellow and no scientist, and, taking a potent narcotic in error, he fell asleep while running up to the wicket.

Hocusajuboff, the Caspian chess master, once had the same sort of idea, and, taking a strong shot of adrenalin mixed with pulque just before a match, he ran amok on the board. Knights careered about like the snipe of the bogs of Connemara. Bishops streaked along with most unclerical acceleration. Finally he set his King in motion. No one could stop him. Sparks flew from his eyes; and his braces twanged like a banjo.

THE season of New Year Resolutions is upon us; and I do here highly resolve that in 1949 I shall no longer bend the cards at Snap nor hum at Bezique. Nor shall I say "good" when my opponent misses the globe at golf. And, talking of golf, the speeches at the fiftieth or Jubilee Dinner of the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society abounded in humour. We listened to such masters of oratory as the

President, Mr. Bernard Darwin, Lord Brabazon of Tara, and Capt. Oliver Lyttelton, M.P.

Lord Teviot told a most agreeable story of a golfer who, after a stroke by his opponent, turned to his caddie and said, "Is my friend in the bunker or is the — on the green?"

MANY Oxford men, especially from Corpus Christi, will be recalling affectionate and intimate memories of Dr. G. B. Grundy, who died recently at the age of eighty-seven. An Ancient History tutor, he was for many years a familiar and formidable figure in croquet tournaments. His handicap at this solemn and aggravating game was $-1\frac{1}{2}$. He also took a vivid interest in more mobile pastimes, especially cricket and Rugby.

He had an unrivalled knack of getting surnames not quite right. I never rose from "Mr. Robertson," and E. Holroyd (now Mr. Justice) Pearce was always just "Mr. Purse" in the Grundeian diction.

Dr. Grundy delighted in athletic narrative, told with a view to testing credulity. The best story of all concerned himself and a certain wing-threequarter. "He," said Grundy, "was the fastest runner in the game. I was playing against him one afternoon, and he got away with the ball. Our captain said to me, 'Grundy, get that man.' Lord, what a crash we came!"



Mr. L. A. G. Strong, the author, was guest of honour at the recent annual dinner of the Irish Literary Society at the Comedy Restaurant, S.W.1., and is seen reading one of his own stories. Also at the dinner were H.E. Mr. J. W. Dulanty, High Commissioner for Eire, and Sir Cornelius Gregg, Chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue

Elizabeth Bowen's

Book Reviews

"Four Favourites"

"No Highway"

"A Nineteenth-Century Childhood"

"The Devil's Stronghold"

THE making of favourites, clearly, is an abuse of power—this failing, however, is most human. Happy the private individual who can allow his preferences full play; for, indeed, to be absolutely impartial makes life dull. In the case of anyone in the limelight, no susceptibility can hope to pass unobserved. Royal favourites have left their mark on history; generally (or so we are taught in the schoolroom) for the worse—the ready-made idea with most of us is, that the favourite is someone to be denounced. Now, a challenge to that ready-made idea is issued by D. B. Wyndham Lewis in his *Four Favourites* (Evans; 9s. 6d.).

Mr. Wyndham Lewis does not defend favouritism: he accepts it as a human addiction, and is, chiefly, concerned to see how the system works—or one should say, worked; for we have fewer great personages, able to promote the fortunes of others, or to reflect importantly, in their own behaviour, the influence of those others, in our day. Our rulers grow more discreet and less temperamental: what they lack may be charged to the march of progress. Further, Mr. Wyndham Lewis is interested in seeing, and showing, whether the favourite system *did* always work so badly. That, of course, depended on the outlook, intelligence and general capacity of the favoured one—and, of course, on the particular turning-point in history.

THE one woman and three men studied in *Four Favourites* are interesting personalities in their own rights. This Frenchwoman, Englishman, Spaniard, Russian were all of them, notes Mr. Wyndham Lewis, products of the eighteenth century. He adds: "They have in common (apart from Lord Melbourne, born to the purple and in a class apart) a swift upward

trajectory from more or less obscure origins, due to personal magnetism and a considerable skill in manipulating the policy of the Crown they serve, in the teeth of rivals and enemies. And in all four cases the Sovereign they rule, whether Louis XV., Victoria, Carlos IV. or Catherine the Great, may be infatuated but is certainly not weak-minded."

Mme. de Pompadour, Melbourne, Godoy and Potemkin are the four in question. The lady (in her portrait a Boucher prototype) is an at once scandalous and chocolate-boxy myth in the British mind; the Prime Minister who guided a young-girl queen has been the subject of other distinguished books—was he not, also, the ironical, imperturbable, strangely forgiving husband of the Byron-infatuated Lady Caroline Lamb? As against that, Godoy and Potemkin, I should estimate, are almost unknown to the average British reader—and fascinating personalities they are!

LORD MELBOURNE'S influence over the young Victoria was morally blameless—and all the more subtly interesting for that. The three other influences had the obvious gateway: physical love. But royal passions are fugitive, and what, in these three cases, is striking is, that the favourite knew how to shift his or her ground: the ex-adored one moved on into the rôle of counsellor, ally, indispensable friend.

In the later, constructive relationship there was not, necessarily, anything ignoble. Inevitably, Pompadour, Godoy and Potemkin were playing a hand in their dealings with their respective monarchs; it cannot be said that they had not their own interests at heart, and they could not but be, by temperament, power-loving persons. But the drive, the acumen, the staying power which had made them able

to consolidate new positions made them, also, useful—power might well have fallen into less able hands.

It might, indeed, be said that in the days of absolute monarchy the rôle of favourite was vocational. Mme. de Pompadour, having been at the age of nine informed by a fortune-teller that she would some day be the King's mistress, seems to have brought herself up with that end in view; Godoy so well conducted his affair with the Queen of Spain as to become her husband Carlos IV.'s closest, most depended-upon friend, and Potemkin—fifth on the list of Catherine the Great's twelve successive accredited lovers—would seem to have been the principal engineer of Catherine's reputation for greatness.

THE analysis of all this makes, as you may imagine, fascinating reading. It involves a cross-section of eighteenth and early-nineteenth European history: the equal lightness and sureness of Mr. Wyndham Lewis's handling of many threads cannot be enough admired. Knowing, as we know, this author, it should be unnecessary to add that there are pages of wit which are sheer delight, or that the vivid scene-setting makes one catch one's breath. The writing of *Four Favourites* has all the high spirits that go with virtuosity; but behind all this there is something deeper and stronger. This quartet of studies has, palpably, been documented by very wide reading; yet, information never swamps the pages. "From the maze of politics in which my four personages are constantly involved, I have selected only those items which seem necessary to explain or corroborate their influence."

Throughout, Mr. Wyndham Lewis suggests judgments rather than lays them down: his

estimations of people seem both searching and fair. His invitation to us to keep in balance two views of Mme. de Pompadour is one example :

Cold, heartless, dry, sceptical, devoured by cupidity, a true *petite bourgeoisie* in her haggling and meddling and mean ambition—such is the verdict (1887) of Jules and Edmond de Goncourt, who were not notable for charity at any time. . . . Cynical Papa Poisson's pride in his ReINETTE was fully justified, cry all her enemies in chorus.

Kinder judgments have been forthcoming from more recent observers, who balance Mme. de Pompadour's inherited love of money—not avarice, nevertheless—with her magnificent patronage of the Arts, the splendour and courage with which she played her difficult and dangerous rôle, the undoubted value of her friendship to the King. No doubt a just appraisal must include all this. Moreover, she symbolises for ever the beauty and elegance of all her incomparable period, much of it her own creation.

ONCE again, and once again with shining success, Mr. Nevil Shute has sat down to tell a story. The word "tell" is used advisedly, for the state of mind induced in his readers by this enchanting writer resembles that of a child, who, by impassioned protests at the slightest delay and imperious commands to "Go on!" signifies approbation of the story to which he is listening.

Not that Mr. Shute is in the habit of delay or digression. In *No Highway* (Heinemann; 10s. 6d.), as in *Pied Piper* and *The Chequer Board*, the pace is swift, yet, even so, the quickening of one's interest almost outruns it, and a desire to know what happens next becomes at certain points so violent, that though a mere couple of pages may intervene, the temptation to flick them over becomes irresistible. This form of skipping is often more complimentary to a novelist than the careful digestion of his every word, more especially when, as in the case of Nevil Shute, one turns back, curiosity once satisfied, to read what has been passed over.

The reviewer who has to deal with the work of such an inspired story-teller must tread delicately around the pitfall of giving too much away, but, of *No Highway*, one thing may safely be said. If, as seems probable, Mr. Shute's readers find themselves more than usually impelled to take one jump ahead of him, the blame for their impatience will rest with the book's central character, Mr. Honey. Mr. Honey is a Boffin, in other words a man employed upon the scientific side of aeroplane construction. He has, in common with his kind, a one-track mind; he has also a charm, submerged, slow to reveal itself but so immensely credible, that to leave him, even for a chapter's space, in a situation of distress or embarrassment, is to perform an act of callousness, and Mr. Honey, during the story's progress, finds himself in some such situation more often than not. His scientific ability is as clear-cut as his personal touch is clumsy, and when, as the result of research, he discovers in the structure of the Reindeer, a new and popular make of aeroplane, a flaw, not only awkward but lethal, the tact required to make his point is lacking.

BEFORE the accuracy of his theory has been tested, Mr. Honey discovers that the 'plane in which he and other passengers are travelling to Canada is in fact a Reindeer, and is faced, therefore, with the (to him) imperative course of acting upon his still unproved findings. As a type he is neither impressive nor convincing, he cannot communicate the white-heat of his own certainty, and the way in which, all others having failed, he finally curtails the proud air-liner's flight is clumsy, more than liable to misconstruction, and, in terms of moral courage, heroic.

The chapters dealing with the air journey and the thought processes of Mr. Honey as he sits in the softening luxury of a 'plane he believes to be doomed, are surely the best, which is to say a very great deal, that Mr. Shute has yet written. They have a quality of suspense, a quality, also, of tenderness, each of which in its different way makes the tension all but unbearable, and when at last it snaps, one realises, on looking back, that of all the persons involved the real source of one's breathless anxiety was the probable fate of Mr. Honey.

This is because, like all the most accomplished story-tellers, Mr. Shute knows that incident, no matter how exciting, must never be set above character.

MARY MACCARTHY'S *A Nineteenth-Century Childhood* was first published in 1924: for years now it has been a missing classic. That it has been republished by Messrs. Hamish Hamilton (at 6s.), and at such a season, is good news. Since first I read this book, it has continued to haunt my memory as might some dearer part of my own experience—so much so that, when this new edition came into my hands, I had some complicated feeling of apprehension: how if, on the re-reading, I should find less there than I thought?

On the contrary, there is more here even than I remember. *A Nineteenth-Century Childhood* is not an easy book to review, because the reviewer's language becomes pompous alongside Mrs. MacCarthy's ease and grace. I steal, because I concur with, one passage out of John Betjeman's Introduction. He says: "A book becomes, I think, a work of genius when something is infused into it from the outside, without the author, at the time of writing, being aware that this is happening. If this is true, then *A Nineteenth-Century Childhood* is a work of genius."

Just lately—owing, I suppose, to the nursery-nostalgias of an unsettled epoch in which it seems little pleasure to be grown-up—we have had numbers of books about numbers of childhoods: most of them have some merit, but many, I sometimes feel, show signs of having been written to formula. In 1924, writing on the subject of childhood required, like any other writing, inherent distinction—such distinction as Mrs. MacCarthy's shows. She, for one thing, is not concerned to display herself as an unusual child: it is upon the faces and scenes around her that she prefers to dwell. She was the youngest-but-one of a large, distinguished family—a family which, under the thin disguise of the name she has given them in this book, will be recognised by more than one generation. In such a milieu, while the personality of the sons and daughters expanded to the delightful full, self-display, one can feel, was not encouraged.

THE background, throughout, is Eton: of which, when Mary MacCarthy was twelve years old, her father was made Vice-Provost—this involved a move into the Cloisters, out of the former house. "Adela, Evelina and I had attics and a tower of our own": the little girls, awake on close summer nights, would pad to their windows, look out across the moonlit trees and river at Windsor Castle, hear the college clock strike, then, also, "the husky cough of one of the shabby old sheep in the meadow down below."

Throughout, in this way, at once magic and contraries are evoked. Eton Sunday afternoons; holidays in Devonshire; family conclaves around "*le Grand Livre*"; Adela and Roderick "playing Diabelli duets together; two deathly pale children with any amount of vitality in their eyes"; Evelina steeplechasing round and round the room, over the furniture, during a mathematics lesson. . . . There are those grim terms at the convent school; and, towards the end, glimpses of London seasons. Above and throughout all, there is the inimitable portrait of Mary MacCarthy's mother, whom she calls "Mrs. Kestell."

The book is short: seldom can so much have been conjured into immortality in so few words. It is a family portrait and period piece in one.

IN *The Devil's Stronghold*, Leslie Ford's latest (Crime Club, Collins, 8s. 6d.), our Mrs. Latham remains, as ever, charming, erratic but, in the long run, wise. (There are few women in fiction I like better.) She hurries to Hollywood, where, she has been told, the elder of her two sons, Bill, is simultaneously in danger from a baby vamp and a "hot rod." Her hotel there, the Casa del Flores, proves to be fraught with dangers. She hopes to get through at least *this* adventure without having to be rescued by Colonel Primrose, but fails to. This story (which has the merit of avoiding all the more obvious views of Hollywood) is one of Leslie Ford's most tense and agreeable.



Mrs. Clare Crossley and Mr. Michael Tree, whose work is represented in the Exhibition of Contemporary Painting at the Trafford Gallery

A Private View in Mayfair



Mr. Hamilton Kerr, another exhibitor, showing Princess Marie-Louise and Mrs. P. Murray his pictures



Lady Greville, wife of Lord Greville, with Miss B. Austin-Taylor, the sculptress



Miss Penelope Crossley, daughter of Mrs. Clare Crossley, was going round with Mrs. Gerald Legge

THEY WERE MARRIED

The "Tatler's" Review



Crockatt—Denham

Mr. John Henry Crockatt, younger son of Brig. and Mrs. Norman R. Crockatt, of Kingston House, Princes Gate, S.W.7, and Miss Anne Margaret Denham, daughter of the late Sir Edward B. Denham, G.C.M.G., K.B.E., and of Lady Denham, of Little Hurst, Binfield, Berkshire, were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton



Broad—Berry

Mr. Charles Eric Broad, son of Capt. Hubert Broad and of Mrs. R. J. Broad, of Langley Way, Watford, married Miss Patricia Berry, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. D. H. Berry, of Wenred House, Nascot Wood Road, Watford, at St. Andrew's, Watford



Baines—Ward

The wedding took place at Berkswich Parish Church, Stafford, of Mr. Guy Harrison Baines, F.R.C.S., second son of the Ven. Archdeacon and Mrs. Baines, of Westwood, Scriven, Yorks, and Miss Janet Douglas Ward, second daughter of Mr. R. P. Ward, and of the late Mrs. Ward, of Weeping Cross House, Stafford



Clarke—Hale

Capt. C. E. M. Clarke, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Clarke, of Southsea, Hampshire, and Miss H. Priscilla Hale, daughter of Col. and Mrs. W. Churchill Hale, of Plumpton, Sussex, were married at St. Margaret's, Lothbury



Gee—Jackson-Stops

Mr. Francis Norman Gee, of Wakefield Lawn, Pottersbury, son of the late Mr. George Gee, and of Mrs. Gee, married Miss Sheila Jackson-Stops, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jackson-Stops, of Wood Burcote Court, Towcester, at St. George's, Hanover Square



Baillie-Grohman—Wemyss

Lt.-Cdr. Tom Peter Baillie-Grohman, R.N., elder son of Vice-Admiral Tom Baillie-Grohman, C.B., D.S.O., O.B.E., and Mrs. Baillie-Grohman, of Fletchers, Sidlesham Common, Chichester, married Miss Frances Mary Wemyss, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. A. F. Wemyss, of Dorset House, Hastings Road, Bexhill, at SS. Peter and Paul, Bexhill



Cowan—Bland

Capt. Alan Cowan, The Rifle Brigade, son of the late Mr. Comrie Cowan and of Mrs. Comrie Cowan, of Cottesmore Court, W.8, and Miss Jennifer Bland, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Roland Bland, of Cornwell Glebe, Kingham, Oxfordshire, were married at All Saints', Churchill, Oxfordshire

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Fashion Page by Winifred Lewis

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Photographs by Hugh White





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The "Tatler's" Register of **ENGAGEMENTS**



Miss Dorothy Joan Baily, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Baily, of Eastlands, Billingshurst, Sussex, who has announced her engagement to Mr. William Francis Pinnington, eldest son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Pinnington, of Meols, Cheshire



Lenore

Miss Yvonne Holliday, youngest daughter of Major L. B. Holliday, O.B.E., and Mrs. Holliday, of Burton Leonard, Yorkshire, who is to marry Mr. Owen Stable, of Beauchamp Place, S.W.3, son of the Hon. Mr. Justice and Lady Stable



Pearl Freeman

Mr. Philip Michael George Shiel and Miss Jane Alison Ke Howard who have announced their engagement. Miss Howard is the eldest daughter of Lieut.-Col. T. F. K. Howard, D.S.O., R.A., and Mrs. Howard, of Goldenhayes, Woodlands, near Southampton, and Mr. Shiel is the son of Mr. G. L. Shiel, M.C., and Mrs. Shiel, of Eastbury Hall, Surrey Road, Bournemouth



Bryan Horner

Miss Ann Rachael Hanson, younger daughter of Col. F. S. Hanson and Mrs. Hanson, of Water Dale, Storth, Westmorland, who has announced her engagement to Mr. Philip L. Wayre, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. F. O. Wayre, of Rochdale, Lancashire and Bexhill, Sussex



Harlip

Mrs. Valerie Anne Doreen Rose, daughter of Mr. J. A. Vlasto, of Hurst, Berkshire, and of the late Mrs. Doreen Vlasto, who is engaged to Mr. Michael James de Pret Roose, eldest son of Count de Pret Roose, of Oakfield, near Taunton, Somerset, and of Mrs. E. Carlos Clarke

May **yours** be a Happy New Year



F R E D E R I C K S T A R K E

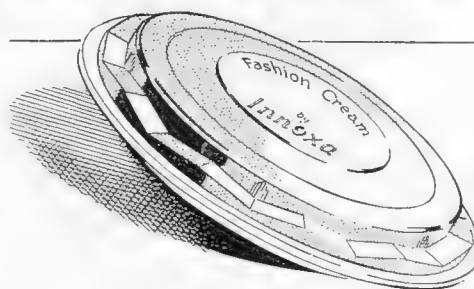
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Olin Sturges

on FLYING

WHEN an American was being told about a noted pianist, he put in the brisk interjection: "is he boogie woogie or long hair?" It is a question which some earnest seekers after truth are apt to ask about the British Interplanetary Society. They want to know whether the society deals in imaginative madness or in serious studies of the possibilities of interplanetary travel.

The answer is that the British Interplanetary Society is a serious and scientific society which sets an example to many other learned societies by the thoroughness and cautiousness of its work. Among the papers read before the society one finds both the engineering and the mathematics of space rockets scrupulously examined and the studies that have appeared from time to time in the Journal of the Society of German work are the best that have been published.

IN short the British Interplanetary Society is working steadily and methodically towards a defined objective. Only occasionally does it permit itself to unbend enough to allow general speculation. It did this in November when a paper on Interplanetary Man by Olaf Stapledon was published. But it was disappointing to find that the evidence is against the existence of any intelligent race anywhere in the solar system except mankind.

But when we have finally felled all the trees, killed all the animals and turned the world into a huge desert, dotted here and there by ant-heap towns and synthetic food factories, we shall, still, have some hope of finding a better home on Mars. It seems that that "small, cold arid world" might be turned into a reasonably comfortable habitation.

AS for the creation of an interplanetary craft, I feel that the papers and discussions of the Interplanetary Society have shown that it is a

not very remote possibility. The question of how far a craft can go is wrapped up with how fast it can go and that is why there is so much talk about the "escape speed," the speed at which a rocket or other vehicle would be able to break away from the attraction of gravity.

The escape speed has been worked out and is, I think, about 10 kilometres a second, or say 24,000 miles an hour. The speed at which gravity could be balanced is lower and the German project of "space stations" or artificial satellites, maintaining a position just outside the earth's atmosphere, was not so wild as it appeared to be when first heard of during the war in this country.

But the experts of the Interplanetary Society admit that with existing fuels the difficulties, theoretical and constructional, of building a space craft are enormous and they have lately been looking into the question of whether atomic energy might not provide a better solution than any of the existing fuels.

So it really seems to be a choice of using atomic energy for blowing up or going up.

THE news that the air horse had made its first flight broke in a manner with which we, in aviation, have become familiar. There was a broadcast request that nothing be said until the issue of an official statement and with it there was the promise of a Press show. But newspaper men who know their duty will not give undertakings not to mention an item of news.

So it was good to see *The Times* coming out with the news and refusing to accept these absurd attempts to hold things up for some agreed publication. It is a method adopted by Government departments. They offer information about some forthcoming item of news and an invitation to see the event, on the condition that nothing is published before a certain "release" date.

RECORD OF THE WEEK

I HAVE recently heard two records which seem to me to be very well worth while, and at the same time to cover as gracefully as is possible the spirit of Christmas and the New Year for all time.

The first is made by Steve Conway with orchestra and the Conway Singers. It is called *If All The World Belonged To Me*. In the past eighteen months Steve Conway has gone right to the top in his class over here, and for me—and I hope for you too—his singing of this particular song is way ahead of most of the recorded work he has been doing with such regularity. (Columbia FB 3439.)

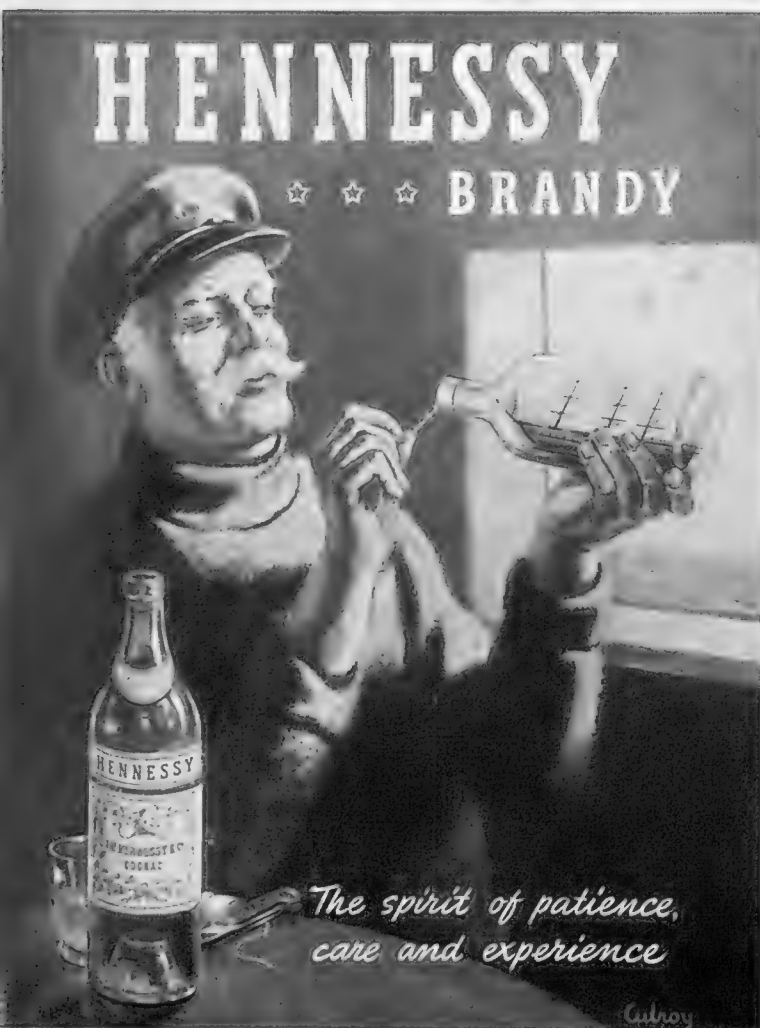
The second record comes from the Ray Ellington Quartet. It is issued under the 1948 "Rhythm-Style Series" and but for a well-balanced rhythmic accompaniment does not seem to fit quite into that specialist class. It is called *Christmas Story*, with music by Ray Ellington, and has an artistic simplicity that is a delight to hear. (Parlophone R. 3160.) Both these particular recordings have obviously been made with the most careful direction and are for that alone worth hearing.

Robert Tredinnick

The newspapers have been too kind to this kind of thing. It is their duty to print the news if they can get it and—except where national security is concerned—to reject all agreements or requests to hold it up for whatever reason.

There is no sort of doubt that the air horse in flight must be the Press photographers' dream. It is at once a marvellous technical achievement and almost the ugliest vehicle ever created by man. If it does what its designer expects it to do, it will be able to give useful service in many fields. But what a pity it cannot be made to look a little less hideous.

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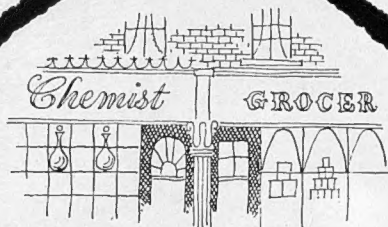
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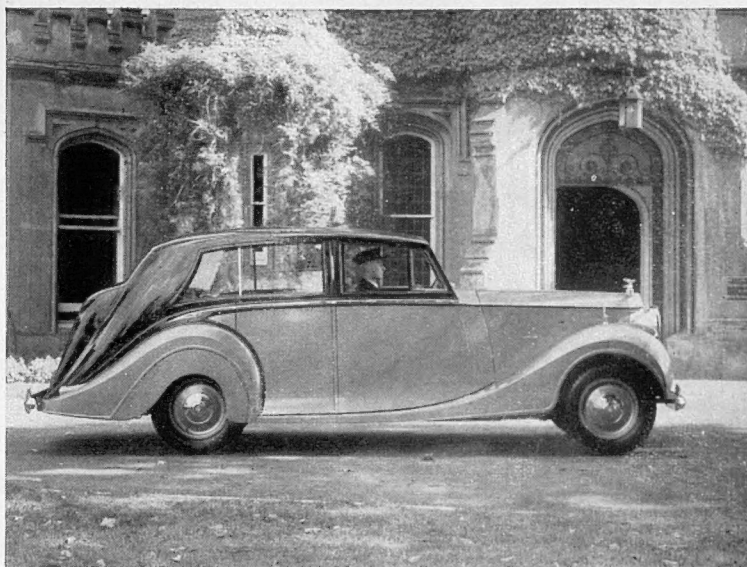


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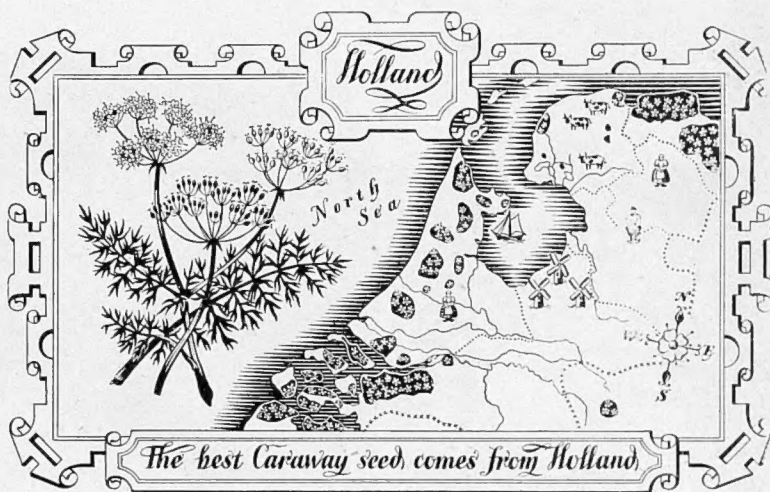
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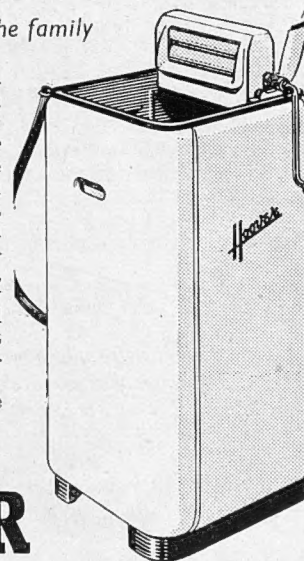
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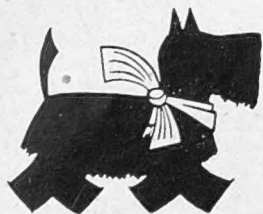
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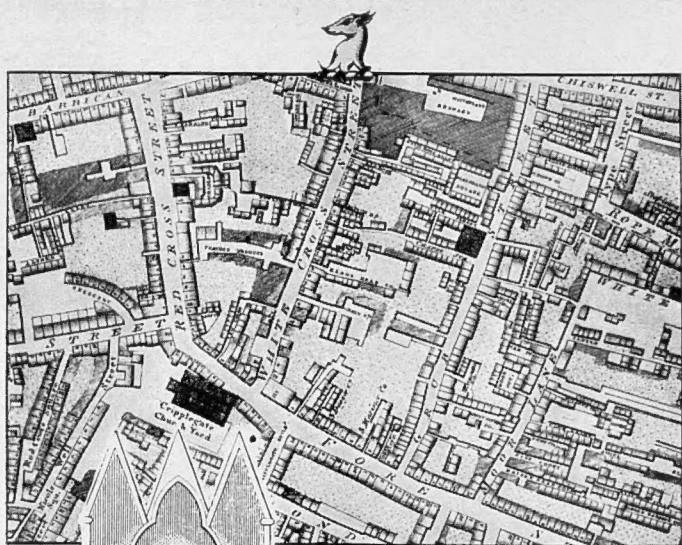
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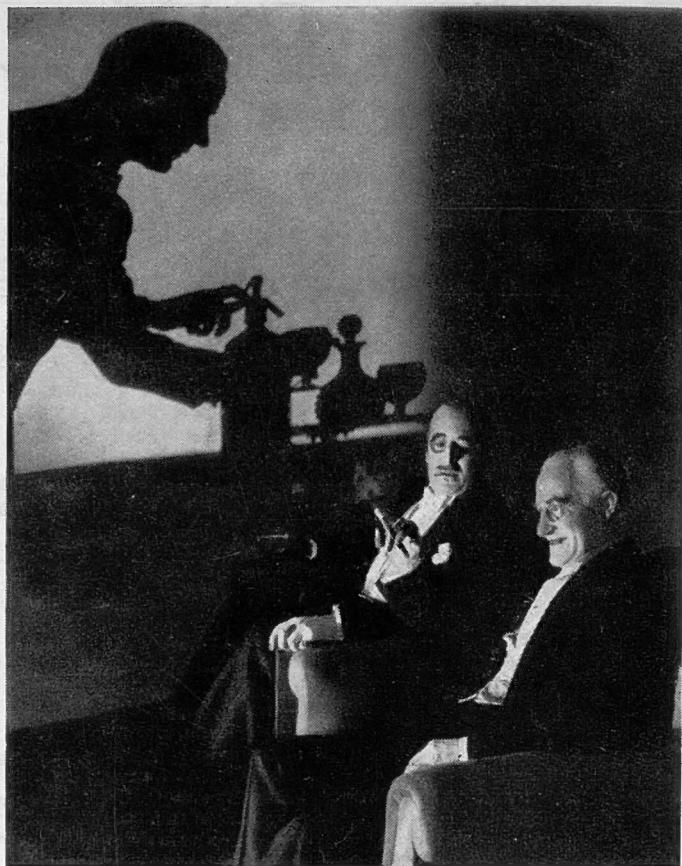
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